

## Issue III, Spring 2014

**Bath Time**

If I close my eyes,  
I can still see your fingertips  
dipping into the warm water.

Bringing back with them a new series  
droplets to cascade over my dark lashes.  
Blink. Blink.  
down to my cheeks

I've never been so pure of mind.  
I focus intently.  
content without knowledge  
something not borrowed, but created.

Far away from the corruption of our world,  
A light music dances in the air.  
Hers. Mine.  
frozen in time

Both of us smiling through  
innocent brown and green  
two hearts entwined,  
forever remaining constant.

--by Megan Wilkinson